

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Alright With Me"

[Chorus]

I've got the illest live show (Now what you sayin?)

I drop the illest rhyme flow (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to act like you don't know

Well, that's alright with me

People sample me like James Brown (Now what you sayin?)

When they want to hear that sound (Now what you sayin?)

But you still want to put me down

Well, that's alright with me

The Kristyles is officially on blast

Don't worry about what he say, cuz he wont last

If you want to learn the way take a seat in this class

I write albums like singles and release them so fast

I get around the whole country on foot like Flash

I don't fly across country I be there with the mass

Drivin, drivin, pulling up to your hood spot

You sayin to your son, "now this how radio should rock."

I pray for these radio cats cuz they don't know

how fast I be movin when they be movin slow

This ain't no fast food rap dude, get it and go

This that home cooked type meal, lyrical flow

Spiritual grow, ya know cuz ya was there, fo sho

Like Joey Greck I'm not the average Joe

(Yo, welcome cats to the BDP show

with KRS, Kenny Barker, G Simone, and Chalk-o)

[Chorus]

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I spit when I speak, when I speak I spit

When I spit what I spat it splits ya clique

Spit, spat, speak, spoke, either way

I spat that your rap's not dope any way

When you spoke I spit that splattered your scope

I split that and spit that unanimous quote

No hope when I battle I'm staggering folk

They slip-sliding away there rappers ain't dope

Get my coat, I make sure you can see shells

For sure you gon' see them cuz all you see is sales

Forget it you ain't wit it, admit it

Every thing you did I already did it

*[Chorus]*

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Too many emcees not enough time

nine out of ten niggaz say they wanna rhyme

Four out of nine talk about drugs and crime

Three out of four say they wit it but they not

Two out of five spit fire plus the underground

One out of three spit righteous but they never shine

One out of two claim they ballin all the time

And only one make it to prime

Do that math, only one Biggie, one Pac, one Jay-Z

one Nas, one Fifty, one X, one Slim Shady

One KRS-One, one L, one K, one Busta, one Pun, one Love, only one me

Take that TNT, that spit is my property

You copy me, fuck you, pay me (nigga)

*[Chorus]*

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